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BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

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COFFINS AND CASKETS "it a variety of undertaker's goods. Cuffins trumme

C. H. GREEN. on going away called to him little Tom-

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popgun !**

SUPPOSE.

Suppose, Fadelte, that I, instead of keeping trest With you to-night, had staid away to done. Or call upon Miss Brant, or play at whist-

You had? Think you I should have cared? Indeed Ain't you a bit concei-don't take my rose-A gift to me. From whom ! Well-Joseph Mead,

It is? Then I'm to understand, Fudette-If I must read your words as plainest prose My presence matters not to you-and-yet.

You are to understand me so? You're free; Do if you wish! Add-oh! the river's froze What skating we shall have! To-morrow we-

That's Juse-Be banged! It seems to me, Miss Lowe, that you Are acting rather lightly; rumor goes That he-but since I seem to here, adjeu !-**Упрриме-**

Suppose Good-night, sir, and good-by! Hz. What does this mean, Fadette? Are you-We'll close This scene at once. My words are plain, sir, I

Sappose? Yourself, Fadette. My name, sir, is Miss Lowe! Hz. Come, come, Fadette, do look beyond your nose

I receive it, though Вирроме-**Вирриве**

Enough, Miss Laws. Farewell! "Tis best. Pre been deceived in you. God knows" Coquette ! a heartless firs! a haughty belle Who chose-

Oh !--oh ! let's part as friends! I hate you-there! You'll pardon me, a brute! And-Frank-we'll ne'er

THE GATHERING HOME.

As their weary feet touch the shining strand Their brows are enclosed in a golden crown, And, clothed in white raiment, they rest on the m

Before they rest they pass through the strife One by one: rough the waters of death they enter life

To some are the floods of the river still. As they fired on their way to the heavenly hill. To others the waves rup flercely and wild, Yet they reach the home of the undeflied, One by one

We, too, shall come to the river side We can hear the noise and dash of the stre Now and again through life's deep dream :

The waves of the river are dark and cold,

We know not the spots where our feet may hold

Thou, who didst pass through in deep midnight,

Strengthen us-send us the staff and the light,

Let but thy strong arm around us be twined,

Saviour! Redeemer! with Thee full in view,

Smilingly, gladsomely, shall we pass through.

Buttonhole not thy neighbor !

Yes: it often has that effect."

nature to the lovely.

One by one.

impaired his health," a rival rejoined :

Now, then, has every lady got her

sealskin? (Joyful cries of "we have."

"of course we have," etc.) Well, then,

put them right away, for they have gone

It is said to be satisfactorily demon-

But every time a wife smiles on her

husband it will remove one of the old

A young lady read a recipe for dyeing.

it from any direction that man may

A well-known professor, who had evi-

asked how it happened that he wore his

foot gear so long, and he said it was be-

It was Pope who used to swear "God

mend me," and, swearing his favorite

oath one day in the presence of a little

think it would be a good deal easier to

ligence the lady paused awhile, as if re-

flecting upon the achievements of the

inventor, and finally manifested her appreciation thereof by the exclamation:

A clergyman who had been staying

for some time at the house of a friend.

my, the four-year-old son of his host,

and asked him what he should give him

for a present. Tommy, who had a great

a religious nature, so he answered hesi-

tatingly: "I-I think I should like a

"An old fool, wasn't be?"

cause his feet were not shorter.

give, you bet !"

make a new one."

out of fashion entirely. Such is life.

We shall east all our fears and cares to the wind

as she grew older, and helped her father with his flowers, and knew each individual blossom. It used to seem to me that Sometimes the floods all the banks o'erflow, Sometimes in ripples and small waves go, Jesus! Redeemer! we look to thee,

While I was very young, a mere child in years, I used to say that Gretchen should be my little wife, my mother always answering:

"I couldn't wish you a better, if she grows up what she is now."

When I was older I stopped saying this, out of shame, but I thought so more than ever. I knew before I was old enough to be called a man that I should never love any one but Gretchen Werner. She never thought about it at all, until I put it into her head by making love to her.

For a while she was very shy, and would not listen to me: but at last she As perfume is to the rose, so is good told me that she liked me better than any one else in the world, and let me A Wisconsin editor having written of

a deceased gentleman that "sickness had was ten years old. Then I was one-andtwenty. I have seen young men kiss the "Ho, all ye dyspeptics !" says a patgirls they love in a light, careless way. ent medicine advertisement. If all the dyspepties would only hoe regularly, I felt that night as though I were touchtheir number would be reduced amaz-

ing something holy with my lips. A few days after this I gave her a plain gold ring with our names upon it, and the date of the day on which she had told me she liked me, and it seemed

as though that bound her to me. I was not as good as I might have strated that every time a wife scolds her been, and did not go to church always husband she adds a wrinkle to her face. when my mother wanted me to do so; but I prayed that night as earnestly as ever man prayed that I might be worthy of Gretchen; that I might always know the other day. She exclaimed, "Law what to do to make her happy, and alsuz! git out with any formality in that ways be able to keep her from any of

respect with me : when I die I shan't do the troubles and trials of poverty. After this, in our American fashion which seems so wrong to Englishmen and Europeans, I asked her father if I dently worn a pair of number twelve might have Gretchen. boots a number of years, was recently

"She has told me that she will happy with me." I said, and stood trembling before him, hat in hand, for I saw a cloud upon his forehead, and saw him take his pipe out of his mouth in a hurried way, which always showed that he boy, the boy looked at the diminished and misshapen form of the great poet. was angry.

asked, in his strong, German accent. "You dare do that?"

"We always do it here, sir," I said. We try to find out whether the young lady is willing we should speak to her parents, and then"-But neighbor Werner stamped his ner.

foot furiously. daughter obeys me. She will not marry earlier than usual. I had been strange-

a poor man." "I am poor yet," I said, "but I will and feeling as though every time the make my fortune some day. I will, in- door opened that some one had come to

deal of respect for the "cloth," thought boy," he said. "All I will say to you my mother would comfort me.

other plans for her."

Then he turned his back upon me, mentally called Gretchen falling over stamps are not now issued, but many of til the sexton would rebuke her for grave. The will observes that persons and walked away among his tulips, leav- the papers when the evening wind sway. I them are in circulation,

ing me angry and defiant.

The White Lily.

ers as a German can be.

just like one of them.

en did.

Sometimes she came in to play with me.

but my mother would never allow me to

when the clock strikes twelve. My name man kept her from me, and do what I everything, and I wondered why it was. erty all his life, or else be willing to deis Ezra Steele, and I was born in the ci- might I could catch no glimpse of her. I told you that I had never asked a ty of New York. It was a different place I vowed to punish him for his cruelty word about Gretchen before; that day I lay the base of independence in the futhen from what it is now, and people by running away with her and marrying added a postscript to my letter: walked in the Bowery for fresh air, and ber against his will.

thought Pearl street pretty far up town. If she loves me, she would not be near you?" I said. "Tell me something earnings be one dollar or ten dollars ev-Our home was almost out of town - willing to be separated from me. I tho't about her." nearly where Canal street is to-day. We and fancied her locked up in her own Just as I said these words the lily gry want at some future time-for it sweet, white lilies the prettiest of all, when she was a child.

and I always thought little Gretchen "Gretchen!" I cried, and ran to her her, but never stirred. and put my arms about her. "Gretchen, She never had much color, but her my darling, you have come to me at last." forehead was like snow, and her hair. She gave a little sigh, and drew herlong and light, curled down to her waist. self away from my embrace.

She used to come to her side of the fence and look over it, and talk about "Father told me I might bid you goodsuch things as we were interested in. bye."

"Good-bye?" I faltered. "Yes," she said : "I must never talk go into neighbor Werner's garden, for to you again."

fear that I should injure the flowers, "You have promised to be my wife, through which I could never learn to I said. "You have said you loved me. walk quietly and reverentially, as Gretch- What do you mean? He has frightened you by locking you up. You think that Indeed, neighbor Werner was not fond his power is absolute."

"No one locked me up," she said, qui- of you, for she never seemed to think of it appears in view. The best evidence of of children, and not one to tempt them into his garden or his home, or anywhere etly. "I have been told to stay within where they would be apt to meet him; doors out of your sight, and I obeyed. Hs. Fadette! why, sweet, in tears! This surely shows a gruff, oldish man, who had lost his It was wrong of me to promise anything wife years before, and had no one in his without father's leave. I thought it was house to care for his little girl, who was different in such a case, and I liked you quite left to herself, and had a womanly so, but I know now how unmaidenly it way with her at the age of ten that some | was. Father has told me."

She knew even then how to make her free will," I said. "You were not re- and all ready for the nuptials, when father's soup and coffee, and how to put strained. O, Gretchen!" the buttons on his shirts. Work which "Father gave me his orders. One

was too much for her little hands he must obey one's parents. It is God's as if he had stabbed or poisoned her. must have done himself; but the house law," she said. was very clean and bare and tidy, not a "Easy to obey when you are willing," was lovelier than anything il ever saw carpet on any floor, and not a blanket. I said, bitterly. "Parents could not keep

-they slept between feather beds, as en.' though they wanted to smother themcheeks. She was sobbing heavily. But such as the house was, little

for-as my mother said, who had seen me from you if you wanted me, Gretch-

Gretchen took more and more care of it Then she drew the ring I had given

"Father says I must return this," she not speak for weeping. But I was cruel to her.

"Of your own free will, because you do not care for me ?" I asked

"I cannot change my feelings," she said. "Perhaps they are wrong, but I must always like you better than any one else. But father says I must not marry you, and that I must give back

I felt it drop into my palm. I clutched it fiercely. There was a flat stone close by the fence, and I dropped the ring on that, and ground it to atoms beneath my heel. She only sobbed the

"Don't be angry with me, Ezra," she

said. "It is not my fault." But I would not listen to her. I turned from her and walked away. Judging by myself, she could not care for me, if any thought of disobedience could stand

That night I packed my portmanteau, and left home. I could not stay there so near her, and yet have nothing more to

I never forgot her for a moment, but I did not talk of the past to any one. I had an uncle in Detroit, and I went to him. He was a farrier, and taught me his business, and soon I was able to make money at it. But money was nothing to me now, except so far as it was needed to enable me to live from day to day. I sent it to my parents, and they, needing nothing, put it away in the bank

with the little store they were saving for "But we are glad to have such an industrious son," said my mother; "and when you bring home some pretty Canadian girl, you will be glad to have a lit-

tle nest-egg to start with." I had no thought of any girl, however pretty, for a wife; but mother could not guess how deeply I had been wound-

Day and night I kept thinking of Gretchen, and always I kept on my bedand said: "God mend you, indeed! I "You speak to Gretchen first?" he room window sill, in a china pot, one of those pure white lilies, which always reminded me of her. But I never asked a question about her, and five years passed by-five anniversaries of our betrothal, and I did not know even whether she had married, or was yet Gretchen Wer-

It was the sixth anniversary of that "I am a German," he said. "My day when I went home to my little room ly nervous all day, starting at any sound bring me evil news. And I had thought

ed it. The sun was going down, and all I never thought of giving Gretchen was very calm and peaceful. A kind of I am eighty-one years old to-night up, however; and when for days the old Sabbath hush seemed to have fallen ou

I was ill for many days, and before I She sells them to the highest bidder, to had recovered a letter came from home the hardest and wisest worker for the -a letter from my mother.

"My son, I am afraid the news will mar his life, whichever he may choose. grieve you. On the day on which your Fortune is for those who by diligence, letter is dated she died, just at sunset. honesty, frugality, place themselves in I think she must have always been fond a position to grasp hold of fortune when any one else, and declared that she frugality is the five hundred dollars or would never marry. But a few months more standing in your name at the savago neighbor Werner actually went so ings bank. The best evidence of honfar as to command her to give her hand esty consists in diligence and frugality. to a friend of his, a rich old German. She pleaded hard, but he was not to be moved, and she thought she must obey, poor child. The wedding dress was made

they found her dead. "I think her father killed her as much The doctors call it heart disease. She when I saw her last, in her coffin, with white lilies on her bosom. She was good, and pure, and true, and she has always The tears were falling fast over her loved you, my child. I am a woman. and can read another woman's heart.

"O, Ezra, if you only knew," she said. She has always loved you." I knew it then. I went home to my parents very soon, and never left them again. I live in the old house now, and on my window-sill there always stands said, and she seemed as though she could a white lily. Believe it or not, once a year, at sunset on the anniversary of our betrothal eve. I have ever since seen Gretchen standing near it, smiling upon

I think it is an omen that God will reunite us in heaven, where, though there is no marrying or giving in marriage, I may still call my white lily, my pure, true-hearted darling, my own; still wed her in the spirit, and dwell with her

through all eternity among the angels.

HAD NO PUN IN HIM. One of the members of the Methodist Conference, recently, was out for a walk at an early hour one morning, and while on Howard street he encountered a strapping great fellow, who was drawing a wagon to the blacksmith shop.

"Catch hold here and help me down to the shop, and I'll buy the whiskey," "I never drink," solemnly replied the

"Well, you can take a cigar."

"I never smoke." The man dropped the wagon tongue, looked hard at the member and asked : "Don't chew ?"

"No sir." was the decided reply. "You must get mighty lonesome,

"I guess I am all right-I feel first-"I'll bet you even that I can lay you on your back," remarked the teamster.

"Come now, let's warm up a little." "Well, let's take each other down for fun, then. You are as big as I am, and

I will give you the under hold." "I never have fun," solemnly answer-"Well, I am going to tackle you any-

way. Here we go." The teamster slid up and endeavored to get a neck hold, but he had only just commenced to fool about when he was lifted clear off the grass and slammed against a tree-box with such force that he gasped half a dozen times before he

ould get his breath. "Now you keep away from me," exlaimed the minister, picking up his cane. "Bust me if I don't," replied the teamster, as he edged off. "What's the use in lying and saying that you didn't have any fun in you when you're chuck full of it? Blame it! you wanted to in the entry, and go to bed with only he made use of his limbs to crawl away. break my back, didn't you ?"

found on postage stamps. The bust on wrong now and then; and maybe in which he was imbedded. How did he mere fact of a decision to go to Europe, of Gretchen a great deal, and it seemed fives, Taylor; sixes, Lincoln; sevens, in front of the pew, until it sounded An eccentric old gentleman, who late- the tour may extend over six months, "You are not-worth being angry with, to me that writing a long letter home to Stanton; tens, Jefferson; twelves, Clay; like a boiler factory. Then I'd carry ly died in Paris, has forbidden in his or it may extend over eighteen months. it was his duty to suggest something of is, you cannot have Gretchen. I have I sat down to my desk near the win- thirties, Hamilton; nineties, Perry. The all the way down the aisle, and end up funeral, or that his heirs, or anybody as long as I like." dow, the shadow of the lily I always seven, twelve and twenty-four cent by dancing her around the vestibule un-

SAVE AND HAVE, or, WASTE AND WANT.

ny himself some luxuries, and save, to ture. But if a man defies the future, PIs Gretchen Werner well, and living and spends all he earns (whether his she'd do?" ery day) let him look for lean and hunhad a garden about it, and our garden room, kept from meeting me by force. I shadow swayed more darkly over my pa- will surely come, no matter what he that umbrella was born there. You touched that of a neighbor, who was a wandered about the house of old neigh- per, and I looked up. Beside the lily thinks. To save is absolutely the only couldn't get ahead of her. She was in-German by birth, and fond of his flow- bor Werner like a ghost, and almost de- stood Gretchen, white as the flower, and way to get a solid fortune; there is no genious. I've known her, when the baby termined to force an entrance; but at robed in white. Her long, fair hair other certain mode. Those who shut was playing with the potato-masher, to He had beds of great gaudy tulips last she came to me, one sunny after. dropped over her bosom, and between their eyes and ears to these plain facts unbuckle that log and use it for mashand wonderful roses and enormous dou- noon, and looked over the fence, with her crossed hands lay a bunch of lily will be forever poor, and for their obsti- ing-take it by the knee, and work the ble poppies, but I used to think the her arms folded upon it, as she used flowers as they are laid on the bosoms nate rejection of truth, mayhap will die joint backward and forward splendidly. of the dead. She smiled as I looked at in rags and filth. Let them so die, and So I thought I'd mention a few facts to thank themselves. But no! They take | you, and you can just throw 'em togeth-"Gretchen!" I cried, "Gretchen! a sort of recompense in cursing fortune. er and make them rhyme, and I'll call Gretchen !" and she smiled again, and Great waste of breath. They might as around and pay you for them. What seemed to vanish in the smile, and fell well curse the mountains and eternal day? Tuesday? Very well; I'll run in on the floor in a swoon, for I knew that hills. For I can tell them fortune does on Tuesday, and see how you've fixed "It is for the last time, Ezra," she said. I had seen Gretchen's departing spirit. | not give away real and substantial goods. | her up.' boon. Men never make so fatal a mis-"How strange it is that you should take as when they think themselves hat upon his head, and sailed serenely have spoken of Gretchen Werner in your creatures of fate; 'tis the sheerest folly out and down the stairs toward his deslast letter for the first time," she wrote. in the world. Every man may make or olated hearthstone.

SMITH'S WOE.

BY MAX ADELER. the habiliments of woe. He entered the office and took a chair. Removing his hat, he wiped the moisture from his eyes, rubbed his nose thoughtfully for a moment, put his handkerchief in his hat, his hat upon the floor, and said :

"You didn't know Mrs. Smith ?" "I hadn't that pleasure. Who was

"She was my wife. She's been sich some time. But day before yesterday she was took worse, and she kep' on sinking until evening, when she gave a kinder sudden jump a couple of times, and then her spirit flickered. Dead, you know. Passed away into another world."

"So am I. And I called around see if I couldn't get some of you literary people to saw out some kind of a poem, describing her peculiarities, so that I can advertise her in the paper.

"I dunno; maybe we might." "Oh, you didn't know her, you say ? Well, she was a sing'lar kinder woman. Had strong characteristics. Her nose was the crookedest in the State-all bent around sideways. Old Capt. Binder used to say that it looked like the jib-sail of an oyster sloop on the windward tack. Only his fun, you know. But Helen never minded it. She said herself that it aimed so much around the corner that whenever she sneezed she blew down her back hair. There were rich depths of humor in that woman. Now I don't mind if you work into the poem some picturesque allusion to the condition of her nose, so her friends will recognize her. And you might also spend a verse

or two on her lame eye." "What was the matter with her eye? "Gone, sir, gone! Knocked out with a chip while she was splitting kin'ling wood when she was a child. She fixed it up somehow with a glass one, and it gave her the oddest expression you ever saw. The false one would stand perfectly still while the other one was rolling around, so that 'bout half the time you couldn't tell whether she was studying astronomy or watching the hired girl pare potatoes. And she lay there at night, with the indisposed eve wide open, glaring at me, while the other was tight shut, so that sometimes I'd get the horis, so that I have the main facts."

Not one person in a dozen can tell the for her privileges. Although sometimes exception of a decayed spot of about a White House job runs out: "I shall names of those whose busts are to be it worried her, too. The springs'd work foot in length below the hollow place in take a trip to Europe; but beyond the the one cent stamp represents Franklin; church her leg'd give a spurt and begin get there, and what did he live on? I have no plan about that, either. I twos, Jackson; threes, Washington; to kick and hammer away at the board fifteens, Webster; twenty-fours, Scott; her out, and most likely it'd kick at me will that priests should officiate at his I propose to see what I like, and remain waltzing in church. Seems to me there's invited to funerals are often inconven. Wisconsin.

Either man must be content with pov-

"What ?" "O, she'd lash an umbrella to her stump and drift off down the street 's if

Then Mr. Smith smoothed up his hat with his handkerchief, wiped the accumulated sorrow from his eyes, placed his

QUEEN VICTORIA'S HOME LIFE.

The every day life led by Queen Victoria is thus described in the Paris Figaro, the informant being the queen's begun to bang him over the floor, jam favorite servant, John Brown: "Her him up against the wall and batter him majesty leads a very regular life. I believe ?" I said. "Yes, it is generally the same day after day," was the reply, lawyer. "She gets up about nine o'clock in the morning, and has breakfast in her apart. | the witness, giving him another lift. ments. Then she walks up and down the terrace until she comes indoors to I object, said Mr. Dickson, catching his sign her papers. The documents are all put ready to sign, with the corner turned down where she is to write. But her majesty, woman-like, will insist on reading most of them, and on seeing what is inside. However, she rarely makes an alteration. After this, which often takes two or three hours, she sees the Princess Beatrice and has lunch. Then she will, if it is fine, take a walk in the grounds with the Princess Beatrice and Prince Leopold, when he or she will drive out, and I have to attend her. Then she comes home, and one of the ladies reads to her until it is time to prepare for dinner. After dinner the ladies read to her

again, and she looks over pictures and

things, and goes to bed very early."

The dinner is rather a stiff affair, I

the word for it," was the reply. "The guests assemble, and dinner is generally announced before her majesty enters the room. The minister is waiting, and the people invited sit at the table, and there is a pause. When the queen enters, everybody rises, her majesty makes a bow and sits down, and the guests resume their seats. The footman serves the diskes in solemn silence, and not a word is spoken. Her majesty usually makes two or three remarks during the dinner, but no one speaks unless the queen speaks to him, and the company is more like a Quakers' meeting than anything else. Before the dessert her majesty generally rises, bows, and leaves the room, but the guests, ladies and all, remain. The Princess Beatrice generally leaves with her mother. Then the conversation becomes more general after her majesty has left, and at the end of the dinner Lady Biddulph, or Miss Cadogan, or somebody rises, the ladies leave the room, the gentlemen remain, standing. Then the gentlemen usually go to the smoking or billiard-room, and the ladies to the drawing-room. Sometimes the queen will go into the drawing-room in the course of the evening, but not very often. And the gentlemen are all in court dress, which is usually very tightly fitting, so they can't enjoy their dinner much. I don't envy them a bit."

A remarkable toad story comes from Acton, Canada. A pine log was being rors, and kick her and shake her to make sawed up into lumber; the outside slab her get up and fix it. Once I got some and one board had been cut off, and the mucilage and glued the lid down myself, workmen were turning over the log, when but she didn't like it when she woke in they were surprised to see a large toad the morning. Had to soak her eye in poke his head out of a hole in which he warm water, you know, to get it open. | was embedded, and where he had barely Now I reckon you could run in some escaped being cut up by the saw. How language about her eccentricities of vis- the stranger got there was a mystery, as ion, couldn't you? Don't care what it he was completely encased in the wood, with no possible means of ingress or "Was she peculiar in other respects?" egress. As the log was the fourth or "Well, yes. One leg was gone-run fifth from the butt of the tree, his posi-But she wore a patent leg that did her sixty feet from the ground, and he had, pretty well. Bothered her sometimes, no doubt, grown up with it from infancy, but most generally gave her a good deal being probably hundreds of years old. of comfort. She was fond of machinery. The animal was quite fat, and nearly as And then, you know, she could take it large as a man's hand. He was perfectoff at night and stand it on the hat-rack | ly blind, but when taken from his bed, one cold foot. She was very grateful The tree was perfectly sound, with the

material for poetry in that, isn't there ? | ienced by being withdrawn from their She was a self-willed woman. Often business through a necessity for showing when she wanted to go to a sewing bee, or respect to the dead and his family. It to gad about somewhere, maybe I'd stuff | wishes to spare them this inconvenience. that leg up the chimney, or hide it in It also says that such guests, though the wood pile. And when I wouldn't wearing a melancholy aspect at the resitell her where it was, do you know what | dence of the dead, become very cheerful on the way to the cemetery, when in the first carriages, and sometimes uproariously so at the end of the line.

A FORCIBLE ILLUSTRATION.

In a Virginia City court there was a charge of assault against that old offender and police favorite, "John Doe," and Mr. Dickson, the attorney, was examining a witness.

Dickson-How hard did he shake the man when he grabbed him? Witness-I don't know. Pretty hard-

Dickson-What do you call pretty

Witness-Well, it was pretty hard-

that's all I can say. Dickson-Come, now, you surely have sense enough to let the court know what

you call pretty hard. Witness-I guess I can show the court. It was like this-

Here the witness_rose from his seat, and, springing upon the astonished attorney, grabbed him by the collar, and, with a strong, impulsive jerk, landed him on the floor. Then he gathered him up and flopped him across a chair-then he around over the benches.

Hold on-I understand! shouted the

This is how he fetched him, retorted Won't the court rule out his answer?

If you withdraw the question, all right, said the judge; and, springing down from his seat, he collared the wit-

ness and took him off. IT DIDN'T SUIT .- A Detroit boy, after finishing the last chapter of a book called "The Pleasures of the Deep," pleaded with his father to let him ship aboard a lake schooner. The old man smiled a grim smile, took the case under consideration, and in a few days the boy was on the rolling deep, having shipped as a greenhorn on a vessel in the lumber trade. He sailed to Saginaw, came down and crossed to Toledo, and next day he appeared in Detroit, lawe and stiff, his throat sore, one eye nearly shut and a feeling of humbleness running all thro' suppose ?" I said. "Well, stiff is hardly

"What! back again ?" cried the old man, as the boy entered the house. "Yes, father, I want to saw all the wood for winter, bring in all the coal, clean out the cellar and paint the barn, and you needn't give me but two meals a day."

"Don't you like sailing ?" "Father, you don't begin to realize anything about it. The captain sailed right along on Sunday, the same as any other day, and I believe he swore even harder. He wouldn't give me an umbrella when it rained, he made me sit up most all night, and two or three times he called me up at midnight and made me haul on ropes and drag old sails around. There wasn't a single night when all of us got off to bed at nine o'clock, and there wasn't a day that he didn't boss us around and break in on us every time we got to reading anything good ! I like land, father, and I wish

A LAKE BY MOONLIGHT .- At last we reached the farther end of the carry, and passing from under the park archway of the gloomy trees, emerged into the glorious light of the newly risen moon. Upon the white beach of Round Lake we stood a moment to contemplate the scene. The winds are asleep. Not a stray puff skirted the shore, or put the imprint of its transient pressure on the water; the lake lay level and smooth, while the moon poured its beams in even radiance upon its surface, which glinted them back as if it were a great glass mirror. Along the shores, and in the recesses of the bays, night lay in ambush, watching with lowering brow and gloomy eyes the triumph of the skies. The very firmament seemed to be endued with sense, and to be tranquilly happy as it beheld the peacefulness of the earth. From out its lofty and unvexed composure it looked with sweet complacence down at the heaven of peace which lay defined by its own light tranquilly beneath it. Whatever severance may come between God and man, I said to myself, the harmony of the old connection between Heaven and Nature, at least, has never been lost .- Rev. W. H. H. Murray's Adriandack Letters.

What Grant is going to do when his intend to travel entirely at my ease, and

Chicken-pie sociables are popular in

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